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Tracts for the People.

MISCELLANEOUS SERIES.—No. I.

ON ALMS-GIVING.

"*Alms deliver from death.*" Tob. xii. 8.

"I DO not agree with you at all," exclaimed the old Colonel in a strong voice, which made all in the room suspend their conversation and turn round to hear what was going forward. They were still more surprised when they found that this downright contradiction was addressed to a worthy gentleman of the legal profession, who was just then very active in getting up in the neighbouring town what is called a "*Mendicity Society*," and had come over to interest the Colonel in it; as he was known to be very charitable, and ready at any time to exert himself for the poor.

The lawyer was descanting eloquently on the service which such an institution would render to charity by regulating it, and preventing imposition, &c., when he met with the point-blank contradiction just mentioned. He was quite staggered and confounded by it; not knowing exactly to what so worthy a man could object, in what *he* considered an admirable plan. He, therefore, replied, that undoubtedly this objection could only be to some matters of method or detail, as the main principles of the proposed system must be approved by all.

"No, Sir," rejoined the Colonel, "it is not to particular points that I object, but to the whole system, aye, and to the principles on which it is based. Indeed, to tell the truth, I do not think that the true principles of charity are even understood in our country."

"No!" exclaimed one of the company. "For my part I think ours is, without comparison, the most charitable nation on earth."

"That we are the most *generous*, the most *liberal*, I will gladly admit," replied the old veteran, "but by no means the most *charitable*."

"That," said the lawyer, "is a mere dispute about words, a difference of name. It cannot be denied that more money is given to relieve the distressed in England than anywhere else."

"Yes, being richer than others, we give *more* I own; but allow me to say, that this is not charity; and I repeat again, that the principles of this virtue are not understood amongst us."

This condemnation brought upon my friend many expostulations. "What do you mean Colonel?" asked several voices; so he replied: "Why, to explain my meaning in a few words, we give our alms or charity under the idea that we are conferring a benefit, or doing good by it to the poor man whom we relieve."

"Well! and is it not so?" asked several, rather astonished.

"No," said the old soldier. "We do not consider as we ought, that we are by that act doing far greater good to ourselves. You look all surprised, but that is what my church has taught me, and it is a lesson which my experience has through all my life confirmed. Yes, when I learnt as a child, the text, 'Alms deliver from death,' I little thought with what terrible truth the literal fulfilment of the words would be taught me. But that is a tale which I must not think of; rather let us come to our point.

"There stands a poor man before me. He is shivering with cold, his stomach is chilled and faint with hunger, his clothes hang in tatters, his knees knock with weakness, he is hideous with disease. Well, what shall I do to him? 'Give him a shilling or at most half-a-crown,' says Generosity, 'and pass on.' But Charity, what does she say? 'Take the full measure of his miseries,' she whispers, 'and see what thou canst do for them; warm him with a kind look as well as with fire; feed his heart with soothing sounds, as well as his stomach with food; poor thing! it will do him no less good, and will taste sweeter to him. Clothe him with consolations as with comfortable raiment, and pour oil and wine into the wounds of his spirit as abundantly as into those of his body; but mind,' and here she whispers still more gently, 'thou art far more cold, and hungry, and naked, and destitute in the sight of Heaven than this wretched creature is in thy

eyes, and what thou dost to his perishable body thou dost to thy own immortal soul.' And so I thank God for the opportunity which he has given me of 'redeeming my sins (*my* sins, mind) by alms-deeds, and my iniquities with works of mercy to the poor.' (*Dan.* iv. 24.) 'Give and it shall be given to you' (*Luke* vi. 38) is a most comforting declaration."

"That is all very well, my dear Sir," answered the attorney with a sarcastic smile, "but it is not a business view of the question. You are talking of religious charity, I am treating of social charity, benevolence, and that sort of thing. The two are quite distinct, and so are their principles."

"The more's the pity," replied my friend; "and this is just what I have said. We have forgotten that charity is a virtue, and a christian one, and thus understand not its principles. The fact is, that with respect to the poor, we are very *Jews* in this country, and Charity is a Samaritan. But, however, to put the discussion on lower ground than the one to which you object, I still say that your plan for giving charity will rob me effectually, if I come into it, of much benefit and much enjoyment which charity now affords me."

"How so?" rejoined the other. "The plan is at once simple and effectual. A committee is formed consisting of upright and active gentlemen, who meet once a-week. By subscribing five guineas a-year you will be entitled to a certain number of relief-tickets, and the officers of the society will take care rigidly to investigate every claim, and guard your charity from all imposition. And where you do not yourself take the trouble to recommend cases of distress, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that your money is well bestowed on the deserving, instead of mere beggars and idle vagrants. Here is every object of *social* charity obtained in the relief of the really distressed."

"And yet it does not satisfy me at all," answered the old officer. "All the sweetness of charity seems to me to be gone in it. By charity I have been taught to understand a virtue of which the habit must be kept up by frequent acts; and acts of virtue exercised by proxy I do not understand. Whether the mendicity officer's visits to the dwellings of the poor, and his severe and searching inquiries into their characters and circumstances, visits which, perhaps, make the poor creatures tremble with alarm, whether these, and the deliberations of the weekly board, will be put down to my credit as so many acts of charity in my reckoning with Heaven, I really am not divine enough to know; but of this I am sure, that they will do nothing towards keeping up in my breast any glow of charity, still less towards fanning it into a flame. Yet surely this is what acts of virtue should do.

"But this is not all. In charity there is a feeling that makes one happy; there is a weight taken off the heart when one has just rescued a poor fellow-creature from starvation; there is warmth and expansion to the breast on seeing the trembling hand and speechless countenance with which unexpected relief is received by the shrinking modesty that would wither before a mendicity officer's gaze; there is a fulness of joy to which only a stealthy tear can give overflow, on hearing the fervent prayer of benediction of the aged or the sick whom you visit; and one beam of the orphan's moistened eye, as he tells you that he prays for you, is more cheering than the sunshine breaking through the cold grey clouds. Yes, a beggar's 'God bless you,' is well worth more than draws it forth, to a warm heart. And am I to believe that all these happy, noble emotions, which for a time at least reconcile me to wretched humanity, whose privilege they are, am I to believe that all the repeated gratification which they have till now afforded me, that the cheerful mind, the buoyant spirits, the grateful prayer which they inspire, and the calm repose at evening which they bestow, will all be condensed and concentrated, with cumulative exquisiteness of feeling, in that glorious moment in which, once in the year, I sign my cheque for five guineas to the treasurer of your society, and then say, 'I have satisfied the duties of charity for the next twelve calendar months?' Sir, I might as well expect to warm myself on a freezing December day, by ordering a ship-load of coals to Nova Zembla, where no doubt they would be most admirably bestowed. Yet one penny-worth in my own fireplace would serve *me* much better. I do not see why we should not as well make one act of faith to serve for the whole year, and have done with it. This clubbing of our virtues into one action, leaving their expansion into details to paid secretaries and boards, is certainly a great modern convenience. But I am too old-fashioned to like it."

"Then would you discourage all societies for the relief of the poor? Your reasoning would attack even hospitals supported by subscription," observed some one present. For during the latter part of the conversation we had heard the sound of a carriage going off; and the attorney was found missing.

"No, certainly," replied the Colonel. "What I am against is, first, the spirit of the age that would transfer all the duty of charity from the individual to boards, committees, societies, &c.; and, secondly, the attempt to separate the relief of distress from all connexion, both in act and in

feeling, from the sublimest of the Christian virtues.

"With regard to the first, it is obvious that by our plans and ideas, we come to draw a frightful line between rich and poor, aye, and between the hearts of both, which may one day be the cause of mischief and ruin. And well it may; for it is both unchristian and inhuman. The fence round a nobleman's vast domain is as much intended to keep away from his mansion the poor mendicant, as the beast of prey. A starving wretch that reached his well-guarded door, and presumed to knock at it, would excite as much dismay among the pampered servants who came to open it, as a wolf escaped from a show. The constable and the gaol would be probably threatened him; or the way to the workhouse be more compassionately shown him. It is old Lazarus and Dives over again: we hate the sight of rags and ulcers, because they reproach our consciences and ruffle our composure. Instead of this, it would be much better for ourselves, if we allowed our heart to soften, and our eye sometimes to moisten, at the sight of that dreadful misery which is palsying, withering, or wasting multitudes of our fellow-beings. We should find our gentler emotions cultivated, our better part ennobled, by familiarity with such scenes, and the thoughts they would call up. We should find the sympathies between different ranks firmly, because virtuously, secured; there would be reliance on our public measures for the welfare of the poor, and we should be fully repaid in gratitude for any personal trouble we might take. How strongly in God's word is the 'turning away of the eyes from the poor' condemned, and kind personal intercourse with the needy enjoined!*

"Then as to associations for the relief of the poor, so far am I from objecting to them, that I would do all in my power to promote them, if they be only founded on true principles. In times of great distress it is most laudable to unite for the purpose of doing charity on a scale beyond individual powers of help; and at all times such a confraternity as that of St. Vincent of Paul in Paris or London would have my warmest support. But observe that in this the members do not depute others to be the cold ministers of the warmest of virtues, but themselves seek out, visit, comfort, relieve objects of charity. The whole institute is here based upon principles of true christian, and catholic, virtue. And, therefore, still more, could I establish in every town and village a Religious House, Sisters of Charity or of Mercy, gladly would I do so. For then, indeed, I should know, that my alms, passing through their hands, would be purified of much dross that now cleaves to them, and would reach their object with far more of sweetness and grace than if doled out by my rough hands. Yet even so, never will I surrender to any one the comfort and the privilege of coming myself into contact and kindly intercourse with my suffering fellow-creatures, and tasting the luxury of their gratitude, and hearing the music of their blessing.

"I am old, and before long must face the account of a long life, and an eventful one; glad to see some cheering visions flit round my soul when entangled in the toils of death. The remembrance of friends made with the mammon of iniquity will surely present the most consoling. But were not the idea almost profane, it would be ridiculous, that these are to come before one's swimming mind, in that last hour, in the shape of banker's cheques and £5 notes handed over to secretaries of mendicity societies and poor-rates collectors. No, I shall be glad to see in that awful moment, as if gathered around my bed, the very looks and features, the smile and the tear, the mute or the eloquent lips of my poor friends, young and old, from the unconscious little one to the venerable elder leaning double on his crutch, of all to whom a kind Providence has made me the channel of its merciful dispensations, thereby honouring me, as much as benefitting them.

"And now I have done, and I am sure I ought to apologize to all for talking so much; but it is a subject on which I deeply feel."

[*To be continued.*]

* "Son, defraud not the poor of alms, *and turn not away thine eyes from the poor.* Despise not the hungry soul, and *provoke not the poor in his want.* Afflict not the heart of the needy, and *defer not to give to him that is in distress. Reject not the petition of the afflicted, and turn not away thy face from the needy. Turn not away thy eyes from the poor,* for fear of anger: and leave not them that ask of thee to curse thee behind thy back. *Make thyself affable to the congregation of the poor.*" Ecclus. iv. 1—7.

TRANSLATION OF THE

HYMN ON THE FEAST OF THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

Hail, lilies of the white-rob'd band!
You scarce had blossom'd in our land,
Ere Jesu's foes your beauties scatter'd,
As rosebuds by the storm are shatter'd.

Ye were the first—ye tender flock—
That felt for Christ the headsman's block;
But now with palms, with chaplets crown'd,
You play the golden altar round.

Glory to Jesu evermore,
Whom a pure Virgin Mother bore:
May God the Father and the Spirit
Equal and endless praise inherit. Amen.

N. G.

ILLUSTRATION OF THE SPIRIT OF THE "REFORMERS" OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

"It has been objected to me," said Knox, "that I have ceased to pray for my sovereign, and have used railing imprecations against her. Sovereign to me she is not; neither am I bound to pray for her in this place.—As to imprecations made against her, I have willingly confessed that I have desired, and in my heart desire, that God of his mercy, for the comfort of his poor flock within this realm, will oppose his power to her pride, and confound her and her flatterers and assisters in impiety. I praise my God, he of his mercy hath not disappointed me of my just prayer: let them call it imprecation, or execration, as pleases them. I am farther accused, that I speak of their sovereign, mine she is not, as that she were reprobate, affirming that she cannot repent. Whereto I answer, that the accuser is a calumniator and a manifest liar, for he is not able to prove that at any time I have said that she could not repent; but I have said, and yet say, that pride and repentance abide not in one heart of any long continuance. What I have spoken against the adultery, against the murders, against the pride, and against the idolatry, of this wicked woman, I have spoken not as one that entered into God's secret council, but being one, of God's great mercy, called to preach according to his blessed will, revealed in his word, I have oftener than once pronounced the threatenings of his law against such as have been of counsel, knowledge, assistance, or consent, that innocent blood should be shed. And this same thing I have pronounced against all and sundry that go about to maintain that wicked woman, and the band of those murderers, that they suffer not the death according to his word, that the plague may be taken away from this land, which shall never be, so long as she and they remain unpunished, according to the sentence of God's law."—*Tytler*, vol. vii. pp. 286, 287.

BOWING AT THE NAME OF JESUS.

The root-and-branch men, feeling now that audacity insured success, and that every success increased their numbers and their strength, moved that there might be liberty to disuse the Common Prayer, by reason that in many things it gave offence to tender consciences. The majority at once rejected the motion, well knowing, that "if that which offends the *weak* brother is to be avoided, much more that which offends the *strong*." But on the very next day, in violation of all parliamentary rules, the Puritans finding themselves masters of a thin House, suspended the yesterday's order, and past a resolution that the communion table should be removed from its appointed place; the rails which inclosed it pulled down; and the chancel levelled; *and that no man should presume to bow at the name of* Jesus. Sir Edward Dering, who now on all occasions stood forward in defence of the Church, opposed this last infamous decree with great feeling. "Hear me," said he, "with patience, and refute me with reason. Your command is, that *all corporal bowing at the name of* Jesus *be henceforth forborn*. I have often wished that we might decline these dogmatical resolutions in divinity. I say it again and again, that we are not *idonei et competentes judices* in doctrinal determination. The theme we are now upon is a sad point. I pray you consider severely on it. You know *there is no other Name under Heaven given among men whereby we must be saved*. You know that *this is a Name above every name*. *Oleum effusum nomen ejus:* it is the carol of his own spouse. This name is by a Father styled *mel in ore; melos in aure; jubilum in corde*. This is the sweetest and the fullest of comfort of all names and attributes of God, God my Saviour. If Christ were not our Jesus, Heaven were then our envy, which is now our blessed hope.

"And must I, Sir, hereafter do no exterior reverence—none at all—to God my Saviour, at the mention of his saving name Jesus! Why, Sir, *not* to do it—to omit it, and to leave it undone, it is questionable, it is controvertible; it is at least a moot point in divinity. But to *deny* it—to forbid it to be done!—take heed, Sir! God will never own you if you forbid his honour. Truly, Sir, it horrors me to think of this. For my part, I do humbly ask pardon of this house, and thereupon I take leave and liberty to give you my resolute resolution. I may—I must—I will do bodily reverence unto my Saviour, and that upon occasion taken at the mention of his saving name, Jesus. And if I should do it also as oft as the name of God, Jehovah, or Christ is named in our solemn devotions, I do not know any argument in divinity to control me.

"Mr. Speaker, I shall never be frighted from this, with that fond, shallow argument, 'Oh! you make an idol of a name!' I beseech you, Sir, paint me a voice; make a sound visible if you can. When you have taught mine eyes to hear, I may then perhaps understand this subtile argument. In the meantime reduce this dainty species of new idolatry under its proper head, the second commandment, if you can, and if I find it there, I will fly from it *ultra Sauromatas*, anywhere with you. . . Was it ever heard before, that any men, of any religion, in any age, did never cut short, or abridge any worship, upon any occasion, to their God? Take heed, Sir, and let us all take heed, whither we are going! if Christ be Jesus, if Jesus be God, all reverence, exterior as well as interior, is too little for him. I hope we are not going up the back stairs to Socinianism. . . . In a word, certainly, Sir, I shall never obey your order, so long as I have a head to lift up to Heaven, so long as I have an eye to lift up to Heaven. For these are corporal bowings, and my Saviour shall have them at His name Jesus!"—*Southey's Book of the Church*, chap. XVII. p. 460 *et seq.*, *4th Ed.*

MORAL DANGERS OF CITIES.

In cities the soul of man grows proud. He needs at times to be sent forth, like the Assyrian monarch, into green fields, "a wondrous wretch and weedless," to eat green herbs, and be weakened and chastised by the rain shower and winter's bitter weather. Moreover, in cities there is danger of the soul's becoming wed to pleasure, and forgetful of its high vocation. There have been souls dedicated to heaven from childhood, and guarded by good angels as sweet seclusions for holy thoughts, and prayers, and all good purposes; wherein pious wishes dwelt like nuns, and every image was a saint; and yet in life's vicissitudes, by the treachery of occasion, by the thronging passions of great cities, have become soiled and sinful. They resemble those old convents on the river Rhine which have been changed "by modern wisdom" to taverns; from whose chambers the pious inmates have long departed, and in whose cloisters the footsteps of travellers have effaced the images of buried saints, and whose walls are written over with ribaldry and the names of strangers, and resound no more with holy hymns, but with revelry and loud voices."—*Professor Longfellow's Hyperion.*

WHOLESALE SPORTING.

INFINITE is the number of wild fowl with which these lakes and the neighbouring marshes are covered during the winter. I have elsewhere said, that the plains and the waters seem actually *peppered* with them. There can of course be but little skill in sporting among such clouds of birds, and the consequence is, that they are slain for the market, by persons who rent the best situated shooting-grounds from the proprietors of the lake margins. The gunners erect a sort of infernal machine, with three *tiers* of barrels—one, level with the marsh or water, another slightly elevated, and the third at a still greater angle. The lower tier is discharged at the birds while they are setting, and this of course destroys multitudes; but as some must necessarily escape the first discharge, the second and third tiers are fired in quick succession, and it is rare indeed that a duck avoids the wholesale slaughter. From 125,000 to 200,000 annually load the markets of Mexico, and form the cheapest food of the multitude; but it is rare that you can procure one delicate enough to bring to your table.—*Mayer's Mexico.*

THE "DEMONSTRATION;"
OR,
THE DAY OF GENERAL TURN-OUT.

"Beati pauperes spiritu, quoniam ipsorum est regnum cœlorum."
"*Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven.*"
St. Matt. v. 3.

(Continued from page 261.*)*

MICHAEL went quickly home to his garret in Long-Mill-Gate. He was rather longer than usual, however, in mounting the high stairs, and (it might be darker than common) he could not, for a few moments, find the handle of the door. Mrs. Hardman was rocking herself slowly backwards and forwards, with her child half-asleep on her lap; she looked flushed and anxious, but welcomed her husband with a joyful smile: "You are come then, Michael! I knew they would not force you to Ancoats."

"No, dear; but they tried it both with Mr. Hutton and me. How is Charlie?"

"Very feverish; I think he must have taken the measles. I can't get him to drink his physic; will you try him, Michael? What is done by Dickson's Mill?"

"It is cleaned out by now.—He is a ruined man, I'm afraid. It is sad work for his young Spanish wife, and the young ladies."

"Dickson ruined!—and what is to become of you, Michael?"

"I shall get no work as yet, perhaps not at all. Give me the boy, you are tired out with him."

"No work, Michael! But you will try the other mills—Burgess will give you work."

"Burgess is full of hands—so is Hayburn—Wright won't employ me. We must wait, Lucy, and not murmur at God's dealings with us."

"But Charlie, Michael! If he should be very ill; if he should die!" The tears were running down Mrs. Hardman's cheeks; she was worn out with watching and anxiety.

"I know, dear," replied Michael, "but we must bear even that, if it be God's will."

"You can't feel for Charlie as I do!" exclaimed the wearied mother indignantly; "you will take no way of saving him—you will let him die in cold blood!"

"You are tired out, dear," answered Michael with great gentleness, taking the boy from her; "by and bye you will recollect that this boy and all of us are in God's hands, to do what He chooses with; will you not?"

"But dear Mike, why should *you* be trampled on always? why should not you get work as well as Hawker and Dutton, when you are twice as clever, and fifty times as good?"

"By my wife's calculations," said Michael laughing. "Because, dear, Burgess is afraid of them; and he keeps them in full employ to keep them out of mischief, and joining the Chartists."

"Then the bad ones are to be coaxed and flattered, and the good are to be left to their fate. That is not a right doctrine. I will not believe that is according to God's will. What is the good of being meek and contented as you are always?"

"No good in this world particularly, that I know of," replied Michael quietly; "but we do not live for this world, dear, nor look to any reward or gain in it. For my part, however, I would not change my feelings about it, for constant employment, and the fullest wages."

"If I had your faith, Michael; or rather, your humble mind. But there is one thing I want to say—"

"Say it, dear, while Charlie goes to sleep like an angel; see how gently he breathes now!"

Mrs. Hardman cast a loving look on her boy, and said, "You know, Michael, what our Lord said to His disciples, when St. Peter asked what they should have, if they left all and followed Him: 'Houses and land, and fathers and mothers and friends in this world, and everlasting happiness in the next.' Now I don't clearly see that the humble and holy have all these things; very often less even than others, and this puzzles me."

"From all I have heard say from our priests, and from what I find myself, which is not much," replied Michael humbly, "it is my belief that they who really follow our Lord, and take up the cross after him, lose their love for the pleasures and fine things of the world; and, by degrees, learn to love God far above their own natural kindred even, till at last they love Him above every thing; and then they find parents and brothers, and friends, and riches, and pleasures in Him. Their hearts are drawn up, as one may say, beyond the things one naturally loves and cares for, and fixed altogether on his glory and beauty. They come to love being humbled, and cast-down, and despised; remembering how God himself, our dear Lord, suffered all this, and much more, for them. They cannot be proud-minded, nor think the worst treatment is too bad for them, when they think often of His wounds. Oh! how I wish," added he in a low voice, the blood mounting to his cheek, and his eye kindling; "How I wish I was one of them!"

"O Michael! you are!—you are too good for——" but Michael put his hand on her lips, and hindered Mrs. Hardman from finishing her sentence.

The sleeping boy was gently laid in his cradle, and supper, such as it was, quickly and neatly set out, and eaten. In one corner of the room, sufficiently behind the loom to make it more private than the rest, but by no means smuggled out of sight, Michael had put up a kind of table, which he had carved to the best of his power, of an evening and at odd times, with a lamb and flag, and a bunch of lilies; for in all his devotions Michael never forgot that the prayers which are best said and best heard, are those which are put under the protection of holy Mary. The lily is her flower; and Michael loved it best. On the table stood a wooden crucifix, and an image of the Blessed Virgin, treading on the serpent; showing that the spotless Virgin has destroyed the power of Satan, according to

the promise given to Adam. Above it, neatly pasted up, were some holy pictures—The Annunciation, The Adoration of the Magi, The Agony in the Garden of Gethsemani, and The Appearance of our Lord to St. Mary Magdalene—Michael chose these out of many, because he was fond of drawing out of them his favourite virtue, humbleness of spirit. At the Annunciation, the B. Virgin most specially showed humility, in receiving with such meek submission what she could not understand. At the Adoration, the pride of learning humbled itself before an unknown child in a stable. In our Lord's Mysterious Agony, He humbled Himself to receive the utmost weight of sorrow—a sorrow which none of us can ever understand; and at the Resurrection He appeared first to a woman who had been a great sinner. Together with these pictures, and the Psalms of last year, hung an old French holy-water vase (given to Mrs. Hardman by her mistress, when she married Michael), Michael's Rosary, and a crown of thorns and miraculous medal, which had been brought from Rome, and blessed by the Pope, and which the Hardmans justly looked upon as their greatest treasures. Charlie was gone off into a sweet sleep, and Michael laying him gently in the cradle with a blessing, knelt down by his wife, and said Night Prayers. After that they recited the Litany of Loretto, and sung the hymn, "Hail, Heavenly Queen," to a very pretty old chant. It was a poor room in which the Hardmans lived: their bed was only fenced off with a screen of old matting, contrived by Michael; the window, which, however, was clear and bright, neither stuffed with old hats, nor garnished with cobwebs, only looked upon tiling and chimneys; and there was but one loaf in the cupboard for themselves and their sick child; but in both hearts that night the words of Michael's motto were sounding cheerily; and there was sweet low music which they could not hear, and the rustle of snow-white wings which they could not hear in their lowly chamber; for angels from heaven were there, guarding the meek and humble of heart.

Yea, "*Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.*"

Day after day passed on, and there was no work for Michael; and if it were not for some little sewing of Mrs. Hardman's, and washing fine lace, in which she was very clever, the workhouse would have been the Hardmans' only resource. The utmost confusion reigned through the usually busy city of Manchester. The mills were shut up, or deserted and gutted. Soldiers patrolled regularly, and the police were always on double duty. Every where there was a cry for higher wages, which gradually sunk into demands for work; and at last, as Michael had predicted, for bread.

Meanwhile, Charlie daily sickened and pined before his parents' eyes, and they could do nothing for him. He was a bright-haired, thoughtful child; just such an one as one might fancy held hourly converse with his angel-guardian. His childish prattle had often given subjects to Mrs. Hardman for meditation, when it had given out, as mostly happened, religious impressions; and there was nothing forced or *mawkish* in his talk; it was only such as a thoughtful heart would naturally draw from constant intercourse with an earnest-minded father, and a simple, loving mother. If Michael had ever had day-dreams, they were upon Charlie's being educated for Holy Orders; and Mrs. Hardman pondered more, perhaps, than she was aware of, on living to receive guidance and consolation from her only child. Must these hopes be given up? Was it the will of God? So asked Michael, and daily meditated on the agony of Gethsemane, and the words, "If it be possible"—"and if not—Thy will be done."

One evening Michael came in hot and wearied from a vain attempt to get work at Burnley. Mrs. Hardman was sitting by Charlie's crib, patching an already well-patched waistcoat. A few tears had fallen on it. Michael looked into the crib at the flushed but faded little face and sunken eyes, and said gently, "we shall lose him, dear—he is so changed since yesterday."

Mrs. Hardman burst into tears; Michael paused for a few moments, and then said, "It is the will of God, Lucy—we were too proud of him. I know now what great things I fancied for him by and bye—God forgive me! How happy he will be in heaven, dear, and far better off than our best dreams could make him."

"Oh! Michael! What shall I do without him? I know it is so wrong and weak—I think if it had been any thing else—Will you strengthen my faith, Michael?" "Our Lord will strengthen you, dear, and our dear Lady, who also gave up her Son. Did not *she* love Him as well as you love Charlie? But it is only while you are uncertain that you will feel weak; think of his dying so innocent! he will be another angel for us in heaven."

"He *is* an angel! I have often felt something very strange while he was talking about his notions of holiness, and God, and the Holy Spirit. I never told you the answer he gave me once when I had been teaching him the hymn, 'Come, Holy Ghost, send down those beams.' He was in a passion the next day about being washed, and afterwards he cried very much, and went away into the corner by himself. After a long time, he came and knelt down by me. I asked him what he was thinking of. 'I have been praying to God to make me a dove,' he said. 'A dove! why so?' 'Because passion is a naughty lion—and we say, Holy Ghost, meek, gentle dove—I *see* it shining over my head;' and all the while his eyes were so innocent—so strange and holy-like—Oh! Charlie! my boy! my boy!"

"Hush, dear! you must not disquiet him—he hears you!"

The mother's voice of grief was more powerful than the mists of fever. Charlie opened his large shining eyes and murmured, "Mother! are you there? it is so dark!"

"Yes, dear, mother and I are both here; it will soon be lighter among the angels in heaven."

The boy smiled, but could say nothing else, though he looked at his father with those large steadfast eyes, as if to ask for something. His mother held a drink to his lips; he just tasted it, but no more, looking up with greater eagerness. Michael brought the crucifix and held it before him, sprinkling him with holy-water, and repeating slowly the prayers for a departing soul; the words he repeated, so solemn, so well-known, so full of consolation to such as die in the faith and communion of the saints: "Go forth, O christian soul, from this world, in the name of God the Father Almighty, who created thee—in the name of Jesus Christ the Son of the living God, who suffered for thee—in the name of the Holy Ghost, who sanctified thee—in the name of the Angels and Archangels—in the name of the Thrones and Dominations—in the name of the Principalities and Powers—in the name of the Cherubim and Seraphim—in the name of the Patriarchs and Prophets—in the name of the holy Apostles and Evangelists—in the name of the holy Martyrs and Confessors—in the name of the holy Monks and Hermits—in the name of the holy Virgins and all the Saints of God; may thy place be this day in peace, and thine abode in holy Sion. Through Christ our Lord. Amen." And when he had made an end of these words, and signed himself with the sign of the cross, the boy moved his hand with habitual reverence to do the same, and in the act gave up his soul into the angels' care.

"It is all over, Sir," said Michael to Mr. Hutton who came in soon after, and who had been far more sadly engaged by the sick-bed of an impenitent sinner.

"You have lost your child, and gained another angel to pray for you in heaven," answered the good man, grasping his hand. "And now, my good friends, what do you propose to do next? for we *must* think of that."

"We must go to the workhouse, Sir, to-morrow. We have nothing whatever to depend on, and have not had for some time past, except Lucy's sewing, which has come to an end for the present. They will not give us out-door relief."

"Well, Michael, with many men I should have condoled over their fall in the world; but it is my belief you know pretty well how to take trials, and to be thankful for them."

"I am not down-hearted, Sir; I mind mostly for Lucy, being gentle like, and not used to a crowd, especially——"

"Well, well," interrupted Mr. Hutton, hastily taking a pinch of snuff. "I shall see about Lucy; you have got some friends in the world still. Have you got your few things together?"

"Not yet, Sir, because of the funeral. What time will it be?" Michael stopped, and Mr. Hutton answered, without taking any notice of the unfinished sentence, "I shall be here to-morrow at nine o'clock; you will have plenty of time to-night to do what is necessary for the dear child's remains, and if you are in the workhouse by to-morrow night it will do very well. Meantime here is something to cover the present expenses—No! no! no thanks, I know what you would say; God bless you both! I shall see you again by and bye." So saying he departed in his usual quick way.

Michael went out to buy a coffin for Charlie, and his wife made the necessary arrangements for the burial of her darling boy. When all was made ready in the lowly room, and the candles lighted, Mr. Hutton came back and said prayers for the repose of the departed soul, more that he might give some words of consolation to the mother, than because it was necessary. After he had had a little kindly talk with them both, and shared their poor meal of tea and potatoes, he bade them good night. Michael said Night Prayers with his wife as usual. They had now literally nothing belonging to them in this world; but their hearts were very peaceful and calm, for they felt nearer to the kingdom of Heaven.

The sun shone out bright and warm on the green sods which freshly covered Charlie's grave, and the banner of the Guild of the Sacred Heart of Mary floated hither and thither in the west wind, when Michael took off his hat in mute thanks to his brother Guildsmen for giving his child a Catholic burial. At the moment, Mr. Hutton put his arm within his, and led him away a few steps from the grave. After a few minutes' talk, Michael's face was seen to beam with deep thankfulness and pleasure, while with sincere and unaffected humility, he shook hands heartily with the holy man. The news was soon told. It could not indeed be kept secret from the honest friends who had shared his sorrow. Mr. Hutton had been, for some time past, appointed Coadjutor of the district; and was going (of course) to live in a somewhat different way to what he had hitherto done. He had asked Michael and his wife to come and live with him; and hoped, he said, they would keep house for him as long as they found it comfortable to themselves.

Every hat was instantly off in honour to their beloved Pastor, and congratulation to the Hardmans. Whoever else might despise Michael, he was certainly honoured in the Guild. Every one looked as if he had received a favour himself, and though their late saddened feelings hindered them from loud expressions of joy, there was a general sensation of holiday-gladness. The Guildmen were invited to dine next day with Mr. Hutton, when doubtless they amused themselves with more hearty merriment and appropriate speeches than I can describe.

But Michael and his wife went quietly home to their garret in Long-Mill-Gate for one more night. They were full of gratitude, and full of chastened and holy sadness, and they longed to be alone. Michael sighed deeply as he looked into Charlie's empty crib, and Mrs. Hardman's eyes filled with tears as she brushed past his little hat and baby-toys; but, nevertheless, they still could thank God with faithful hearts for every thing he had sent them, both sorrow and joy; and as Michael lay down to rest, he repeated inwardly again his old motto: "*Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven.*" E. B.

ST. BERNARD'S PRAYER TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Dante's Paradiso. Canto 33. Wright's Translation.

O Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son!
Humblest, yet most exalted of our race,
Forecast of counsel in the Eternal One--
Man's nature thou didst raise to such high station,
That He who made it thought it no disgrace
To veil His glory in His own creation.
Within thy womb renew'd its ancient power
That love, beneath whose vivifying glow
Put forth its buds in peace this blessed flower.
Here unto us a mid-day torch thou art
Of charity; and unto men below
The living stream of Hope thou dost impart.
Lady, so great art thou, and such thy might,
That whoso grace desires, and asks not thee,
Desire indulges, ere equipp'd for flight.
Thy kindness succoureth not him alone
Who asks thy aid; but oft spontaneously
Runs in advance, and is, unask'd for, shown.
In thee dwells Mercy—Pity dwells in thee—
In thee Munificence—in thee abounds
Whate'er of Goodness may in creature be.
Now he, who from the nethermost abyss
Of all the world, hath in their several rounds
Beheld the spirits, or of woe or bliss,
A suppliant asks thee, through the ministration
Of heavenly grace, to lift his eyes above,
That he may see the height of his salvation;
And I, who for that glorious sight did ne'er
Burn with more ardour than for him I prove,
Urge all my prayers; (and may they reach thine ear)
That by thy prayers thou wouldst dispel each cloud
Of the mortality that dims his brow;
So may the Deity his face unshroud.
And I again implore thee, glorious Queen,
Who canst thy will perform, that henceforth thou
Wouldst his affections guard—each vision seen:
Aid him each earth-born impulse to withstand;—
See Beatrice, and see what numerous crowd
Of saints assist my vows with clasped hand.

He is poor, however opulent he may appear, who desires to have more than he possesses.

Whatever we possess is perishable, and we ourselves are still more so than all we possess.

EFFECTS OF THE PROGRESS OF CIVILISATION ON THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

Two centuries ago, a salad was not to be bought in the markets of London for money; a cabbage-stock and a carrot were unknown; apples were scarce, and never used save in the crude and unnutritious state. Sir Walter Raleigh and Admiral Drake might have brought half-a-dozen oranges for the queen's table, but the community had never seen the golden fruit of the Hesperides. At the present time we buy this delicious fruit at the rate of two for a penny in the streets of London! and through the blessing of sugar, we are never at a loss for a meal for our children when we have an apple. Sugar is, in fact, one of the grand conquests of man's industry, and the barbarism of regarding it as a luxury, and making it a source of revenue, ought to be abandoned: it is one of the prime necessaries of life, and ought to be as free as air. The first act of the stomach upon the amylaceous principle, which constitutes about four-fifths of our ordinary food, is to turn it into sugar, and dextrine, an insipid kind of sugar—a fact from which the value of sugar as an article of nourishment may be inferred. Nature presents us with the article ready formed, but we make it inaccessible by our absurd laws? It is little more than a century since the great bulk of the community lived upon salt provisions through the winter. Agriculture had made so little progress, that there were no green crops, no such staple as the turnip, not merely to keep cattle alive, but to fatten them; and so little hay was made, that it was always an object to save it for the use of the stock that must be maintained till the spring. The cattle which now supply us with fresh animal food throughout the winter, in our grandfathers' days would have all been slaughtered and salted down at Michaelmas: there was no more fresh meat until God's providence brought round the spring. In Sydenham and Moreton's times, and even considerably later than these, among the grand causes for which the assistance of medical men was sought, were the scurvy and intermittent fever. The faculty would starve now did they depend on either one or other of these diseases. The *death* of the members of the community was then the source of professional income; now it is their *birth*. Juno Lucina is the true patron goddess of the medical profession in these days, not Apollo in his ire, and twanging his silver bow?—*Dr. Willis.*

THE LONDON PARKS.

In speaking of the parks in the country, I surely ought not to pass in silence the magnificent parks of London, as truly magnificent they must be called, including St. James's Park, Green Park, Kensington Gardens, Hyde Park, and Regent's Park. Kensington Gardens, exclusive of private gardens, within its inclosures, contains 227 acres; Hyde Park, 380 acres; Green Park, connected with St. James's Park, 56 acres; St. James's Park, 87 acres; Regent's Park, 372 acres; terraces and canals connected with Regent's Park 80 acres—making a grand total of 1,202 acres. To these should be added the large, elegant, and highly embellished public squares in various parts of London, and even in the most crowded parts of the old city, which in all, probably exceed 100 acres. These magnificent parks, it must be remembered, are in the midst of a populous town, including upwards of two millions of inhabitants, and are open to the public for exercise, health, and amusement. They are, at the same time, to a degree, stocked with sheep and cows. It is impossible to over-estimate the value to health of these open spaces, and the amount of recreation and rational enjoyment which they afford to this vast population. In each of the large parks—Kensington, Hyde Park, and Saint James's—there are extensive bodies of water, artificial lakes, in some places adorned with elegant bridges; and, in St. James's Park, studded with pretty islands and shrubbery. Here large varieties of aquatic birds are kept, to the great amusement of thousands of children, who coax them to the shore with crumbs of bread and cake; the birds being so tame as almost to feed out of their hands, and for the instruction of older heads. There is likewise an exceedingly beautiful and tasteful cottage of Gothic architecture, at the end of the lake in St. James's Park, for the residence of the keeper of the birds. There are always to be found in some parts of the parks, or at the keepers' different lodges, some cows kept, where a glass of milk, unadulterated and fresh from the fountain, can be had for those persons who, for health or pleasure, seek the delicious beverage in its purity. The numbers and tameness of the birds in these pleasure grounds is a beautiful circumstance, which it might be well to consider in some other quarters. Their safety and lives are held sacred; and the birds gratefully, and, to a feeling heart, delightfully, acknowledge this kindness by the most expressive confidence, alighting fearlessly in the path before you, as though they would invite you to cultivate their acquaintance.—*Colman's Report.*

Mud Volcanoes in Trinidad.—Forty miles south of the Pitch Lake are several mud volcanoes, in a plain not more than four feet above the general surface. These come into action in the month of February or March, at about full moon, and send up fluid mud into the air, to the height of 30 or 40 feet, with a report at each time as if a heavy gun were discharged. The largest is about 150 feet in diameter, and has boiling mud constantly bubbling, but never overflowing, remaining always within the surface of the crater. When the old craters cease to act, new ones invariably appear in the vicinity. During the *hottest* months, *cold* mud, 20° lower than the atmosphere, is thrown up, and the volcano is unapproachable to within 50 paces.—*Osborne's Guide to the West Indies.*

EXTRACTS FROM THE REV. MR. WARD'S "IDEAL OF A CHRISTIAN CHURCH."

"It may be added," writes Mr. Ward, "that when we consider how signally and conspicuously the English Reformation transgressed those great principles (more so indeed than any other event on a similar scale in the history of the world), one part of the reason will be seen, for the deep and burning hatred with which some members of our Church (including myself) regard that miserable event." p. 44.

"It will be seen, then, that I cannot at all agree with those who prefer the English Reformation to the Foreign; so far from it, I know no single movement in the Church, except Arianism in the fourth century, which seems to me so wholly destitute of all claims on our sympathy and regard as the English Reformation. I am not here expressing any judgment on individual Reformers, but on certain plain and acknowledged facts; nor am I at all denying (nor yet maintaining) that the course of events has been divinely overruled to less disastrous results than among the Foreign Protestants." p. 45.

"No doubt the appearance of a slight disorder or unhealthy symptom, on the surface of our Church, could never justify such extreme and decided language as that which I have adopted; but believing as I do from my innermost heart, that our system labours under no superficial disease, but is corrupt to its very core; that the 'whole head is sick and the whole heart faint;' that the generally received form of religion among us is 'another Gospel, which is not another,' for it is no Gospel at all; believing all this, it was a direct duty to use language, which under other circumstances might have justly appeared wanton, cruel, and extravagant." p. 61. * * * * * *

"I would gladly add, that he will accept the teaching of the English Church in the first instance, and should he become unable to accept it, leave her communion; if I could attach any sense whatever to those often repeated words, 'teaching of the English Church.' That the phrase 'teaching of the Prayer Book' conveys a definite and important meaning, I do not deny; considering that it is mainly a selection from the Breviary, it is not surprising that the Prayer Book should on the whole breathe an uniform, most edifying, deeply orthodox, spirit; a spirit which corresponds to one particular body of doctrine, and not to its contradictory. Again: that the phrase 'teaching of the Articles' conveys a definite meaning, I cannot deny; for (excepting the five first, which belong to the old theology) they also breathe an uniform intelligible spirit. But then these respective spirits are not different merely, but absolutely contradictory; as well could a student in the heathen schools have imbibed at once the Stoic and the Epicurean philosophies, as could a humble member of our Church at the present time learn his creed both from Prayer Book and Articles." p. p. 68, 69.

"Whether or no the English Church *does* give such helps towards the most ordinary Christian life, as frail and humble believers seek at her hands, is a question, which will come under our consideration in a future chapter; but unless she does so, though the character she held up for reverence and imitation were really the true evangelical pattern; though she encouraged her children to honour austerity, celibacy, voluntary poverty, as much as she in fact (practically at least and in her authoritative teaching) encourages them to despise or revile those graces; even then there would not be so much as an approach to a proof, that she even tolerably fulfils the very priminary object, for which the Church was founded; nor would her children have any reason for withholding their most bitter complaints, if they meet not at her hands with that protection and support, which shall shield them from the implacable enemies of their salvation." p. p. 79 77.

"Let us conceive as a parallel case, that some small Church, one hundred years (say) after the Nicene Council, when the whole Catholic Body had given their joyful witness to the ὁμοούσιον, and after that this supposed local Church inclusively had herself received it, should have rejected the word, and thrown off communion with the rest of Christendom because they maintained it. Let us then farther conceive, that in justification of so wild and wicked a procedure, they should have drawn attention to the language of several Ante-Nicene Fathers, apparently inconsistent with the Council's decree; and moreover (which is really a strong fact) to the circumstance, that a local Council of some repute was generally considered to have *condemned* the word ὁμοούσιον, as savouring of Sabellianism, what, think we, would have been the general voice of Antiquity, in speaking of that local Church? It is a matter for grave thought." p. 118.

LONDON.—TEMPORARY CHURCH AT KENTISH TOWN, ST. PANCRAS.

A TEMPORARY church of wood has been erected in the district of Kentish Town, St. Pancras, for the use of the congregation while the parochial chapel is undergoing extensive alterations and enlargement. It is built entirely of wood, on brick foundations, and is the work of Mr. Peter Thompson, of Limehouse, who is largely concerned in preparing buildings of this description, and has a Treasury grant, allowing him to manufacture, free of duty, framed churches, chapels, schools, and dwellings, to export to her majesty's various colonies. Although of considerable dimensions, and capable of accommodating 500 adults and 300 children, it has been prepared and erected in the short space of one month; and was opened for Divine Service on Sunday, the 1st of September. It consists of a tower, 10 feet square, surmounted by a belfry, forming the entrance to two lobbies, right and left, each 9 feet by 8 feet, communicating with the nave or choir, 60 feet long by 30 feet wide, divided from the side aisles by a range of columns that support an open-framed roof; the side aisles are each 60 feet long, and 9 feet wide, thus making the whole width 48 feet. At the end of the nave or choir is the chancel, 30 feet long by 28 feet wide, terminating with a recessed communion, 15 wide by 6 feet deep. At the end of one aisle is the vestry, 8 feet by 6 feet; and at the end of the other, the robing-room, of the same dimensions, communicating with the pulpit. The body of the church receives its light from two ranges of clerestory windows, of "vitreous cloth," the light from which, although subdued in tone, is very brilliant. The walls are formed in compartments, the inside finished with neat oak paper in panels. The outside panels and the entire of the roof are covered with Patent Asphalted Felt, the roofs being covered, as well as all the outside wood and the open roof inside, with Patent Marine Glue. The seats are all open benches.

THE ANCIENT LITURGY OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND,

According to the uses of Sarum, Bangor, York, and Hereford, and the modern Roman Liturgy, arranged in parallel columns, by William Maskell, Priest in the diocese of Salisbury. London, Pickering, 1844.

Here is a goodly book! The subject is one ever interesting to the devout Catholic, and it is presented to the public arrayed in all the graces which the printing-press of Chiswick can pre-eminently furnish; the type clear and bold, with none of that (technically called) *leanness* of letter which we have borrowed unfortunately from the French and Belgians, but worthy of the Elzevirs or Plantins of old; the inks both red and black, of the very best quality, and the paper of that weight and richness of colour which the hand and eye love to rest upon. May we have many such works, and on such a subject too!

By the word "Liturgy," used here, is simply meant, and it would have been better to have given the book the title of, *the Ordinary of the Mass.* The Editor, a learned clergyman of the Church of England, gives us this portion of our service according to the *uses* of several dioceses, for it is well known, that before the lamentable change of religion in this country, while the order and substance of the prayers at the Offertory, Consecration, and Communion were essentially the same, certain variations existed amongst us in some form of words, and in less important ritual observances. All such differences are distinctly pointed out, and can be known at a glance in these pages for the Ordinary of the Mass, and the rubrics according to the use of five bishoprics are severally given in five parallel columns. In such a periodical as the Catholic Instructor it would be impossible to do the smallest justice to this portion of the editor's labours; but he has supplied a very long and interesting introduction, and from this we proceed to select some passages, which will give our readers some idea of the opinions of Mr. Maskell on liturgical matters, and of the nature of the information he affords.

"Before the Reformation the public services of the Church of England were not contained, as they now are, in one volume, but in several. Prefixed to an edition of the *Portiforium secundum usum Sarum*, by Grafton and Whitchurch in 1544, are a privilege and license of the King under his great seal to those printers, that they alone should print certain 'bookes of devine servyce, and praier bookes, that is to saie, the Masse booke, y^e^ Graile, the Hympnal, the Antiphoner, the Processyonale, the Manuel, the Porteaus, and the Prymer.'

"Of the books here enumerated the Missal contained the rites and ceremonies and prayers to be used in the celebration of the Holy Communion. It has a Calendar at the beginning, always I believe in the printed editions, if not in the Manuscripts: then come the Collects, Epistles, Gospels, Secrets, &c. which vary, throughout the year, succeeded by the Ordinary and the Canon: after which are the services appointed at the Communion for Saints' days, and the commemorations of confessors, martyrs, and virgins. These are followed by occasional services to be used when required for the King, for peace, for penitents, against pestilence, for travellers, for the newly married, &c.; and the book not uncommonly ends with forms for blessing water, or bread, &c. and directions to the officiating Priest. The Graile, or Gradual, and the Processional, contained the chants and directions for the processions to be used throughout the year: in the Antiphoner, as its name imports, were the Introits and other Antiphons, with their music, which were chanted during the celebration of the Communion: and in the Hymnal (or Psalter as it was called, if it also contained the Psalms) were the ecclesiastical and other hymns, which were sung in the Church service. Litanies and prayers were frequently added in the Hymnal. The Manual corresponded with what we now are accustomed to call 'the Offices,' and contained the prayers and services to be used in blessing water or salt, or the lamps at the Feast of the Purification: the Order for Baptism, for 'Churching of Women,' for Marriage, for Visiting the Sick, for Extreme Unction, for Burial, and several others. The London edition of the Manual in 1544, has at the end directions to the curate if called suddenly by a parishioner to make his will,* and a form for the certifying the publication of Banns. The Porteau, or Portiforium, and the Breviary are different names of the same book, which contained the full services to be said throughout the year at the Canonical

*"The following is a translation of these directions, from a copy in the possession of the Editor.

"'Form of a Will. In the name of God. Amen. To all to whom these presents shall come, N. curate of N. wisheth health in the Lord. We do you to wit, that in the presence of us and of the witnesses whose names are written below, specially called and summoned for this very purpose, the honest man, N. lying upon a sick bed, infirm of body, but of sound mind, weighing and considering that the life of man is short upon the earth, and that nothing is more sure than death, nothing more uncertain than the hour of death; desirous also to provide for his soul's health, and to attain to the joys of everlasting bliss; hath made his last Will and Testament in the manner and form following. First, he hath committed his soul to the Most High God, his Creator: and to the Blessed Virgin Mary, and the whole heavenly host. But his body to the worms of the earth, desiring it to be buried in the church-yard or church of N. aforesaid. Then he hath willed and commanded all his just debts to be paid, and restitution to be made to all whom he may have injured. And the aforesaid testator out of the goods which God hath given him hath bequeathed to the fabric of the aforesaid church ——. Item, to the curate ——. Item, to the vicar ——. Item, to the clerk ——. Item, to his brother ——, &c.' Then comes the appointment of executors, and the signing and witnessing of the Will. In how much more Christian a spirit is the above, than the documents which men now-a-days leave behind them; records indeed of their having once lived, but not that they were members of the Church of God! Modern wills are but a part and parcel of that system which desecrates burial-grounds, and even church-yards with inverted torches, and urns, and the other symbols of a creed which denied the doctrine of the resurrection."

Hours: these consisted of various prayers, and psalms, and hymns. The Portiforium, says Du Cange, was so called from its being small in size, and easy to be carried about. No unnecessary qualification in days when men, wherever they might be, whether at home or abroad, at leisure or in the hurry of a journey, did not neglect to comply, if possible, with the directions of the Church. Travellers were permitted, having said some of the more solemn part of the Hour upon their knees, to remount and finish the rest as they proceeded upon horseback. The Primer was little known until about 1530, between which year and 1560 several editions, or rather several Books under that name, were published, some by private individuals, many of which were rigidly suppressed, and some with various alterations as time went on, by royal authority. These contained the Lord's Prayer, the Salutation of the Angel, the Creed, the Commandments, the Hours, the Penitential Psalms, the Litany, the Dirge, the Commendations, the Psalms of the Passion, the History of the Passion from the Gospels, and other godly prayers for sundry purposes. They were sometimes in English only, sometimes in Latin and English in parallel columns."

At the present day the Catholic in England has the benefit of all these services. The Missal, familiar to every congregation, contains the Mass, with the collects, epistles, and gospels for every day of the year. The "Manual" and part of the "Processional" referred to in the paragraph just extracted, corresponds with our Ritual, which the clergy employ in the administration of the holy sacraments, and in pronouncing the church's blessings. The "Graile" and "Antiphones" are the music books found in our choirs, the music it must be confessed now not unfrequently a little lighter and more figured than in ancient times. The "Portiforium" is the Priest's Breviary, and the Primer of our Fathers has been expanded into the Garden of the Soul, the Key of Heaven, and similar devotional books for private use.

How does it happen that so few of these old books are now to be found? Before the art of printing had been invented, and from that awful epoch to the reign of blood-dyed Henry the Eighth, we are told that there was no lack of such books.

"Every Cathedral, and Church, and Chapel, every Abbey and Religious House must have been amply supplied: to say nothing of the many copies which private families possessed. Some few of these latter have come down to us, enriched with almost superfluity of ornament, proving the unwearied patience and skill of the limner as well as the piety of those for whom they were executed.

"Now this extreme rarity and so many injuries are not to be hastily attributed to the common accidents and the mere lapse of years. Other books of that age which originally were, beyond all comparison, less numerous, frequently occur; we must inquire, therefore, after another cause, and it will not be difficult to find. That terrible storm which for a time swept with daily increasing violence from one end of our land to the other, which spared, in intent at least, little that had been handed down to us from our fathers; which overwhelmed tower, and church, and cloister in one common ruin, destroyed, if we may select one object, rather than another, especially the Books which had been used in the public services of the Church, or in the private devotions of the people. Edicts and Injunctions and Royal Proclamations followed rapidly each other, commanding that all such books, even if in private possession, should be produced before certain commissioners, who should burn, or at any rate so deface them as to make them no longer worth preserving.

"About seven years after, however, came another Royal Proclamation, which aimed at nothing less than total destruction. This declares that a book of common prayer had been agreed upon and commanded to be used of all persons within the realm: but that 'dyvers unquyette and evile disposed persons had noysed and bruted abrode, that they sholde have agayne theire olde Lattene service:' we, therefore, it proceeds, by the advice of our privy council 'have thought goode, and neverthelesse straightly to commaunde and charge you *(the bishops)* that immediately upon the receipt hereof, you do commaunde the deane and prebendaries of the cathedrall churche, the parson, vicar or curatte and churche warden of everie parishe, within youre diocesse, to bring and deliver unto you or youre deputie, at soche convenient place as you shall appoynt, all antiphoners, missales, grayles, processionalles, manuelles, legendes, pies, portasies, jornalles and ordinalles, and all other bokes of service, and that you take the same bokes into your handes, and then so deface and abolyshe that they never after may serve to anie soche use, as they were provided for.' These orders were most strictly obeyed: as the monasteries were one after another suppressed, their libraries were destroyed, and then churches and private houses were ransacked. The number of the books produced must have been very great: ships were laden with them, and they were carried over sea: they were used, says an eyewitness, 'by some to scour their candlesticks, by some to rub their boots, some were sold to grocers and soap-boilers, a single merchant purchasing at forty shillings a-piece two noble libraries for grey paper, and such as having already sufficed for ten years, were abundantly enough for many years more.' True, this refers to the Abbey and Church libraries in general: but the main stock of those collections undoubtedly was formed of Missals and Breviaries, and Legends and Church Annals, which the wild passion of Edward's days knew not the value of and hated, which the more sober and earnest reverence of after years has ceaselessly regretted."

While such war was carried on against religious books, and every scrap of paper marked with cross or emblem of the Universal Church was hotly searched for in a spirit something akin to that with which the hunting savage follows beasts of prey, or venomous reptiles, of course much easier ruin could be directed against ecclesiastical buildings, and considering the vast number of sacred edifices covering the land at this time, and the complete destruction which befel so many in every town and rural nook of the kingdom, a fiendish activity must indeed have been exercised against them.

"Willis, in his Mitred Abbies, gives the following account sent to Cromwell of the destruction of the magnificent church of Lewes in Sussex, taken from a book in the Cottonian library.

'Sussex. March 24. 1538.

'My Lord, I humbly commend to your Lordship. The last I wrote to your Lordship was the 20th day of this present month, by the hands of Mr. Williamson: by the which I advertised your Lordship of the length and greatness of this church, and sale; we had begun to pull the whole down to the ground, and what manner and fashion they used in pulling it down. I told your Lordship of a vault on the right side of the high Altar that was borne with four pillars, having about it five Chapels. All this is down, Thursday and Friday last. Now we are plucking down an higher vault, borne up by four thick and gross pillars. This shall down for our second work. We brought from London seventeen persons, 3 Carpenters, 2 Smiths, 2 Plumbers, and one that keepeth Furnace: every one of these attendeth to his own office: ten of them heweth the walls about, among the which are the three Carpenters. These made props to underset where the other cut away. The other break and cut the walls. These are men exercised much better than other men that we find here in the country. Wherefore we must both have more men and other things also that we have need of. By month a Tuesday, they begun to cart the lead, and it shall be done with such diligence and saving as may be. So that our trust is, that your Lordship shall be much satisfied with what we do. Your Lordship's servant, John Portmarus.' Vol. ii. Appendix. p. 26.

"Surely the pious brethren of the monasteries in those unhappy times must have remembered, and sorrowfully repeated in the ears of the most High, the prophetic words, 'Thine adversaries roar in the midst of thy congregations, and set up their banners for tokens. He that hewed timber afore out of the thick trees: was known to bring it to an excellent work. But now they break down all the carved work thereof: with axes and hammers. They have set fire upon thy holy places: and have defiled the dwelling-place of thy Name, even unto the ground. Yea, they said in their hearts, Let us make havoc of them altogether. O God, how long shall the adversary do this dishonour: how long shall the enemy blaspheme thy Name?' Ps. lxxiv.

"I cannot help adding, from an author not much inclined to sympathize with any but Roman and Druidical Antiquity, and who speaks of himself moreover as 'no encourager of superstitious foppery,' the following passage. He is writing of the Abbey of Glastonbury about the year 1720. 'Within a *lustrum* of years, a presbyterian tenant has made more barbarous havoc there than has been since the dissolution, for every week a pillar, a buttress, a window jamb, or an angle of fine hewn stone is sold to the best bidder. Whilst I was there they were excoriating St. Joseph's chappel for that purpose, and the squared stones were lay'd up by lots in the abbot's kitchen, the rest goes to paving yards and stalls for cattle, or to the highway. *I observed frequent instances of the townsmen being generally afraid to make such purchase, as thinking an unlucky fate attends the family where these materials are used, and they told me many stories and particular instances of it. Others that are but half religious will venture to build stables and outhouses with it, but by no means any part of the dwelling-house.*' In the next page we are told, 'that the townspeople bought the stone of the vaults underneath the great hall to build a sorry mercat house: *what they durst not have done singly they perpetrated as a body, hoping vengeance would slip between so many,* Stukeley.' *Itinerarium Cur. Iter.* VI. How well would it be for us to remember upon such and all occasions, that God regards numbers no more than persons, and 'though hand join in hand, yet the wicked shall not go unpunished.'"

[*To be continued.*]

HONEY WINE.

The manufacture of tedge or honey wine is a royal monopoly, and is not publicly sold; of course there is a kind of conventional license, not exactly smuggling, by which, for double or treble its value, this beverage may be obtained. Even then the purchased article is probably the rations that have been preserved by some carefully disposed guest of the monarch, who, pouring his daily allowance of a bullock's hornful into a large jar, collects a stock for a day of rejoicing or for private sale. The process of brewing tedge is simple enough: cold water being poured over a few small drinking hornsful of honey placed in a jar, is well stirred up; to this is then added a handful of sprouted barley, "biccalo," scorched over the fire, and ground into a coarse meal, with the same quantity of the leaves of the "gaisho," a species of Rhamneæ, not unlike the common tea plant, and an intense but transient bitter, like gentian or hops. The mixture being allowed to stand for three or four days, ferments, and is generally drunk in that state, but is then rather a queer kind of muddy beverage, full of little flocculent pieces of wax. It is more agreeable, but not unlike, in appearance or character, very strong sweet-wort. To a superior kind, made for the king's own table, besides the "biccalo" and "gaisho," is also added a kind of berry called "kuloh," which grows not unlike the fruit of our elderberry, and may possibly be the production of some tree belonging to that species. The jars containing this are sealed with a large cake of clay mixed with the lees of the decanted liquor. This kind of tedge is allowed to stand for several months before it is used, and is called "barilla," from always being handed to guests in small Venetian bottles of green glass, the fracture of one of which is a grievous offence with his Shoan majesty, and he always makes the careless party pay for it.—*Johnston's Travels in Southern Abyssinia.*

Singular Tree in New Zealand.—One of the most extraordinary trees of the forest in New Zealand is the rata, which, orginating in a parasite, grows to such a size as to rank amongst the giants of the forest. It first makes its appearance in the form of a tender vine, clasping the trunk of some huge tree with its long tendrils, and growing both upwards and downwards, and increasing in bulk at the same time. After a while the parasite, having killed the parent trunk, establishes itself upon its roots, sends forth numerous branches aloft, which again send forth aerial roots clasping the neighbouring trees, and, ultimately, the rata occupies a larger space than any tree of the forest. It is under this tree that the vegetating caterpillar is found. The rata is the Metrosideros robusta, a very handsome plant and of singular habits, by no means satisfactorily explained.